

*A N * > PARTHENQPHE.*

ODES, 475

And sweet Barbarian spices,
For pleasantness, commend
most: PARTHENOPfffe, my sweet
Nymph_s With Lips more sweet
than nectar^ Containing much
more comfort Than all celestial
syrops; And which exceeds all
spices* On which none can take
surfeit. Shall triumph over that
Sense,

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses Do
most triumph in glory ? When
some Panchaian incense* And
rich Arabian odours. And
waters sweet distilled, Where
some of herbs and flowers Of
Ambergrease and sweet roots,
For heavenly spirit, praise
most: PARTHENOPHE, my sweet
Nymph, With Breath more
sweet than incense* Panchaian
or Arabic, Or any sorts of sweet
things* And which exceeds all
odours; Whose spirit is Love's
godhead, Shall triumph over
that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this
secret! Wherein the
lively Senses Do most
triumph in glory ?
Where Music rests in
voices, As SOCRATES
supposed; In voice and
bodies moving, As
though ARISTOXINUS ; In
mind, as THEOPHRASTUS ;